ceaseless play. The feelings rise and fall, tlie intelligence
presents an ever-changing panorama, motives flit across in
ghostly succession. The Divine countenance is seen in all
its varying glory mirrored everywhere. Such is the beginning '
•of life in the Spirit. There is a wonderful variety of change,
impulse, energy, insight, growth, thought and expression,
when. the Spirit is active within the heart. God has also a thousand tongues by which to utter love
and comfort unto our souls. Every appeal that nature makes
to us in lovely vision of earth or sea or sky is a caress of God.
The beauty of the midnight heavens or the sunset clouds is
file expression of His countenance. And to many and many a
man whom the study of many books has left in doubi of the
reality of this Living God who loves His children, the sunshine
on the lake, or the cool shades of the lonely wood, or the way-
side flower, of the stormful cataract, or the wide and heaving
sea, has presently come as a voice distinct as his mother's
cradle-song of old, saying, ‘ I am here, the God of love and
power ; I am surely with thee ; thou canst not go where I
am not/ In a word, the Rishis realised their Parabrahman
everywhere and in every object, every

moment of their life.

In this connection I may relate what Brahmarishi Vcnkataratnam described in his [f] Message and Ministrations \ [<t] That inspiring American Poet, James Bussel Lowoll, has a beautiful \
little poem to which he gives the name of a parable. The substance of flu- piece is this : There was a certain person who believed in God,
worshipped Gud and humbly served God, but could not realise the presence of God with clearness and certainty. So he leaves the neighbourhood, ascends a lofty hill and there turning to God, says [4<] *Thou art not to be jound in homesteads and meadows. This sublime*
hill-top is Thy abode. Hence I have toiled my way up here. As unto fht' prophets of old thou did'st 'reveal Thyself in unmistakable signs, amidst
fhiuider and lightning, through fire and cloud, so do Thou now veueal
Thyself unfo me through some save sign that will bnng me the. assurance
and the joy of direct vision." Having onered this prayer, he presses his ear against a rock and awaits the traditional thunder and lightning.
There is no stir in the air, nc throb in the earth, till weary and